

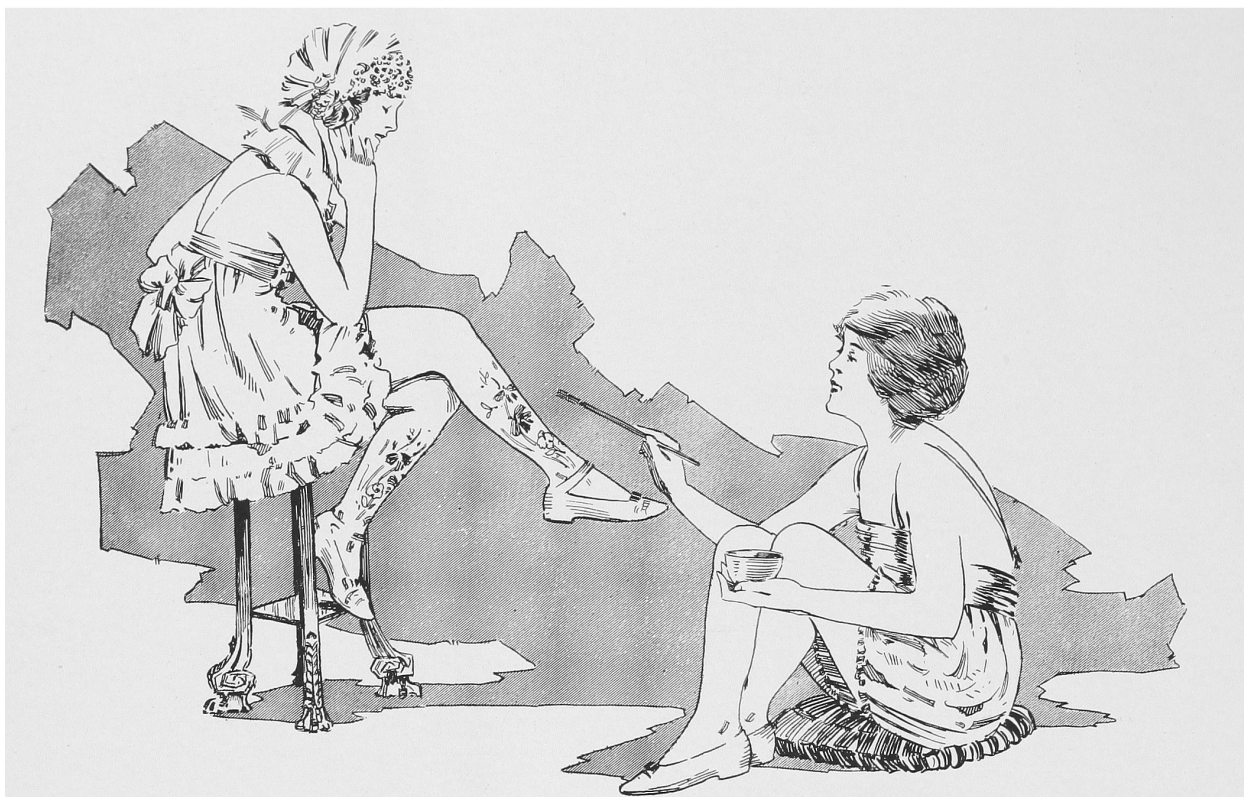
GHOST



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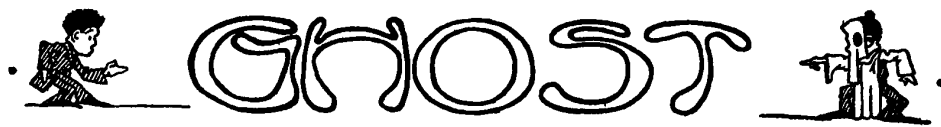
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The Ghost Sleeps

THE GHOST Sleeps! With this number the Editors will rest their wits, lay their shears upon the table close to the paste pot, and will allow a few months of dust to accumulate upon the well-known Underwood (gratis ad). Another year is coming, and with the opening of the University next fall, Ghost promises many things. The Editors take this opportunity of thanking the students for their interest and support, and of extending to the advertisers their grateful appreciation for their help, without which Ghost could not have existed. Another year, and Ghost will be on a firm footing, quite ready to take its chances in the world of college publications.

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Underwood Typewriter Co., Inc.

1413 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

She—How do you like my new skirt?

He—I guess it is all right; but isn't it rather
short for a kilt?

G W U

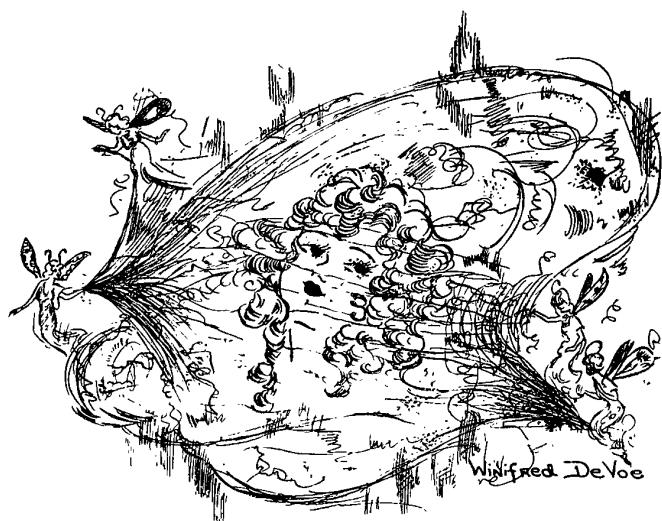
The Tight One (to hunchback)—For th' love o'
Mike! Get away from that fire. You're gettin' all
warped!

G W U

Judge—Is there any evidence in this case?

Copper—There wasn't enough for two, your
Honor, so I drank it all.

GHOST



*So gently comes the breath of Spring,
And softly touches each bright curl.
I do not know your name, dear one,
For you are but my Spring Dream Girl.*

GHOST



Published by the Students of George Washington University

Subscription price per college year of eight issues, \$1.50; twenty-five cents the copy

Application for entry as second-class matter pending at post office at Washington, D. C.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary communications and contributions should be sent to the Editor in Chief; and all drawings should be submitted to the Art Editor.

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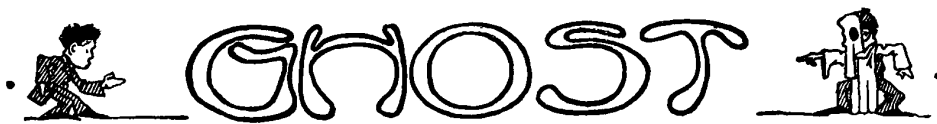
Vol. II

MAY, 1922

No. 6

JUST a word for next year. There is plenty of work for all hands. Let's resolve to do our little best and let the other fellow do his, helping him out whenever we can. "They are all out of step but John," said the old lady as she watched her son march in the parade, which is somewhat apropos of any number of our leading lights who have told the editors and others what they thought ought to be done about any and all things.





GHOST

GHOST is more or less justly proud of its effort as a University publication. It is with no small show of pride that the editors turn over their jobs to others who are sure to improve upon this year's publication. Little of real value is accomplished without effort. The editors believe they have paved the way for sure success and a legitimate standing in the University and in the college world.

Nothing in the history of college humorous magazines ever received the nation-wide publicity that followed the suppressed number of Ghost. Since that time one or two of the staff artists have done work for the bigger professional publications. It is, of course, questionable as to the value of the advertising for the University as a whole that followed.

But Ghost believes it has kept faith with the faculty, students and alumni and believes it is justified in saying that its numbers, since the suppression, have warranted the assumption that it can be trusted to do what is creditable to the University and to itself.

The editors are writing finis on what might be termed a fairly successful venture. There are those who doubt the propriety and advisability of a humorous publication in the University. They are not in the majority, however, and it is proposed to submit to the powers that be for next year the outlines, good will, and hearty support of those who have been back of Ghost.

G W U

WE ARE not all George Ades, Stephen Leacocks, Bugs Baers, Damon Runyans, Irvin Cobbs and the like, yet we have our place in the cosmos, or whatever the profs choose to call this helter-skelter, razz age. It's tough for those who have passed on to what might be termed the peak and pink of perfection. We are a part and parcel of the time, however, and we suppose we have got to make the best of it. And, believe us, we are.

G W U

DID YOU go to the circus? Did you go in the side shows? See all the freaks? Feel out of place? No? Neither did we. Which is another way of saying that there are all kinds of people in the world who are making the best of it wherever they happen to be.

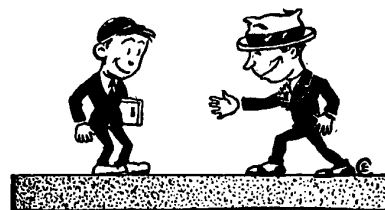
IT IS love time. Each male strives to win a flapper heart. Catching the spirit from the spring air, His Ghostly Majesty sought one to become his queen. His pleadings were in vain—another year of lonely bachelorhood lies bleakly ahead. Sadness is his lot, and with approaching examinations there is not one to cheer him who has cheered so many.

With a sigh he surveys the future and turns sadly aside, scorned by those whose scandalous past he has revealed. To him whose very soul is humor the future promises only sadness and heedless neglect, and His Majesty has discovered that he is tired and weary.

When he awoke in the fall to bring sustaining cheer to a hard-worked campus, his labors were for a time in vain. Undaunted, he labored even more greatly and brought forth his Christmas number. Expecting payment in praise and appreciation, he received instead only condemnation and instant suppression from powers beyond his control. Wounded and torn, his brave spirit struggled on, but now his work is done. Thoughtless students turn from their faithful friend to plans of love and lazy rest.

Returning birds offered first warning of cheerier days, and when rumbling thunder foretold of awakening snakes, with sad heart His Majesty sensed that slumber time was near and his Ghostly walk nearly done. Battle-torn and war-weary, he passes to merited rest and refreshing sleep. Resolutely he turns his back upon the engrossing study of flirting flappers and packs his Ghostly kit to flee this vale of tears.

Like the parting wife, he leaves this, his farewell message, and retires to his sepulcher to regain in refreshing sleep energy for his next campaign. When the falling leaves awaken him he will come again to cheer a reluctantly returning student body. But now, with tears streaming in mistly clouds from hollows where once were eyes, he sobs his parting words: "Peace be with you, Adios!"



GHOST



“Don’t you think this music is awfully fast?”

“Yes; it’s been making me blush all evening.”

G W U

1922—I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?

1923—They are in a weak place.

G W U

A flapper to be popular nowadays has to—

Dress like a rainbow;

Be bright as the sun;

Be light as the evening dew;

Be hazy as the clouds;

Be impulsive as an April shower—

Ain’t nature grand!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE LEFT

The young man blushingly approached a clerk in the lingerie department. He wanted to get a present for his sister, but he was noticeably embarrassed.

“Er—I beg pardon,” he stammered, coloring to a fiery hue, “but could you—er—er—show me something in—er—silk netherwear?”

“Certainly, sir,” smilingly replied the modern shopgirl; “but don’t you think a store is rather public?”

G W U

First Co-ed—Did you see the man in the moon last night?

Second Co-ed—Yes; and the nasty thing was riding around all by himself.

G W U

Prohibition in Mother Goose Rhymes.

Mary had a little still,

She filled it full of mash;

And later on she sold her brew

For a stocking full of cash.

“What makes the folks love Mary so?”

The thirsty hooch-hound cries.

“Why, Mary has a way, you know,

To circumvent the dries.”

G W U

Evolution

Lying.

Lyin’.

Line.

GHOST

Poetical Crap-Shooter

If you should show—oh, cubes—if you should
show,
I say, if you should show upon thy ivory-tinted
face
What I desire—two and two—a “little Joe,”
I swear that ne’er again I’ll bet upon the “race.”

G W U

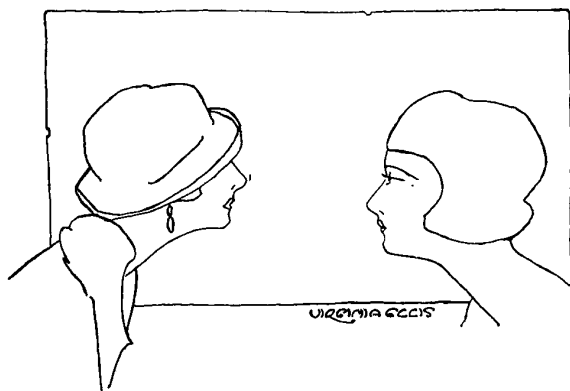
The slogan of long ago, “The Movement for the
Freedom of Women,” has, alas, become “The
Freedom of Women’s Movements.” Say it with
knickers!

G W U

A little bird in a field of rye gorged itself until it
could hold no more, then flew up into a tree and
sang. A boy with a rifle spied it, and shot the
little bird.

Moral: Don’t sing when you are full of rye.

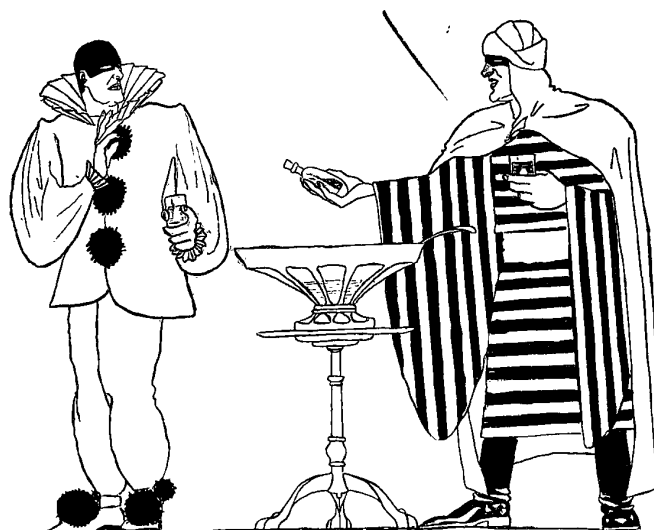
G W U



Peggy—Had a wonderful time at the fraternity
dance the other night.

Polly—So I heard. How was the music?

Peggy—Oh, did they have music?



“No, I can’t drink liquor. It goes to my head
and stays there.”

“Aged in the wood, I guess.”

G W U

A HYMN OF HATE

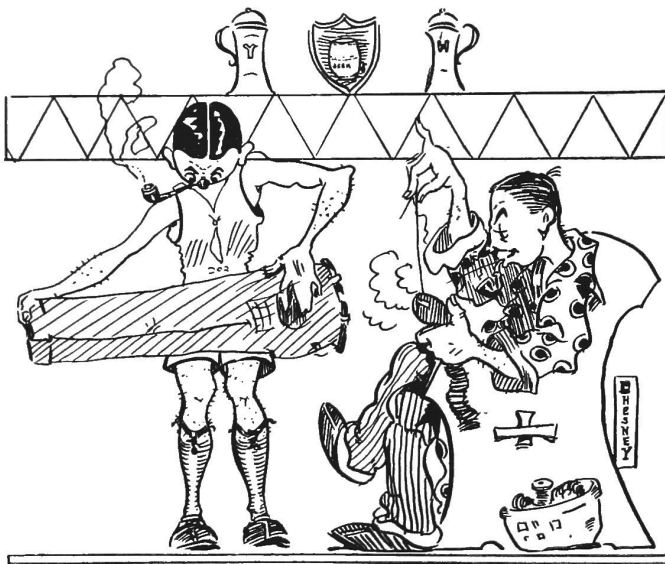
(With apologies to Dorothy Parker)

I hate professors:

Professors who give long lessons; professors
who give short lessons; professors who try to
teach me something; professors who don’t care
whether they teach me anything or not; profes-
sors who call on me; professors who don’t call on
me; professors who are hard-boiled; professors
who are soft; professors who try to be sociable;
professors who never know me on the street; pro-
fessors who knock the girls; professors who knock
the men; professors who don’t knock anybody;
professors who say they could make more money
outside, but who keep on teaching because they
like teaching best; professors who say they could
not make a living doing anything else, and who
keep on teaching because they have to make a
living somehow; professors who think they know
a lot; professors who think I don’t know anything.

I hate professors.

. GHOST .



“Looks like you need some garters.”

“Yep; these are on their last legs now.”

G W U

The Way of a Lad and a Lass

Oh, the story is old
And it's oft been told
Of the way of a lass and a lad;
But it comes down to this,
That a hug and a kiss
Is not all there is to be had.

G W U

“At last, I'm going to take dad's advice and settle down,” said the wayward youth as he went down for the third time.

Mary had a little “rep”
As black as any coal;
And everywhere that Mary went
Her “rep” was sure to go.

For that's a way that all “reps” have
The best and eke the worst;
They follow everywhere you go,
And often get there first.

G W U

Discarded Sweetheart—Would you like to go to Keith's tonight?

Gold-digger Sue—Yes.

D. S.—Go ahead!

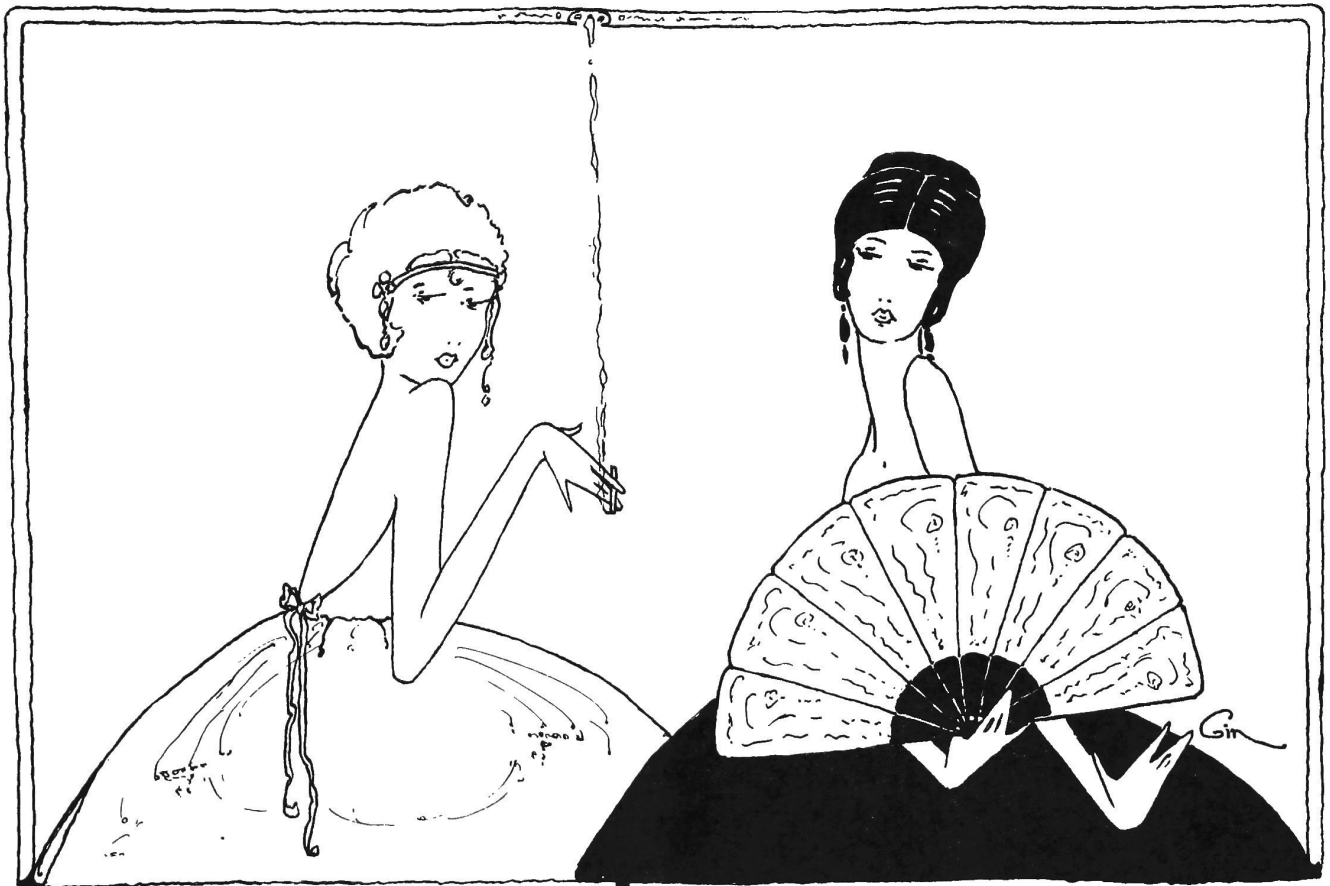
G W U

“Did that young man kiss you last night?”
“Now, mother, do you think he came all the way from Philadelphia to hear me sing?”

G W U



GHOST



"I hear you are getting a divorce from Jack."

"Yes; I am tired of being alone all the time."



"Found the original dumb guy the other day."
 "What did he do?"
 "Went into a place and asked for an Eskimo pie
 a la mode."

G W U

"Jack is going to college next year."
 "Why, he hasn't even a high-school diploma."
 "Yes; but he has a tuxedo and a hip flask."

G W U

When a co-ed coos
 To a "stude" that "stews"
 You can bet money
 She's after—tea!

G W U

"Can you love anyone who drinks?"
 "Yes; anyone."

THE F STREET FLAPPER

She was youthful, she was fair,
 And deep gold her curly hair,
 And her dimpled cheeks were blushing like the
 rose.

She was dainty and petite,
 And her voice was very sweet,
 And she wore a lot of powder on her nose.

Her eyes were well of blue,
 Her brows were ebon hue,
 And her lashes matched the sable wings of
 crows;

And her rosebud of a mouth
 Gave forth fragrance of the south—
 And she wore a lot of powder on her nose.

Her frock, "le dernier cri,"
 Was purchased in "Paree,"
 And the skirt was 'way above her dainty toes;
 Like a lily on its stalk
 She'd sway as she would walk—
 And she wore a lot of powder on her nose.

In good taste her la valliere,
 And her wrist watch de riguer,
 And below, a perfect pair of silken hose;
 And her hat and furs were splendid,
 But my joy in her was ended—
 For she wore a lot of powder on her nose!



GHOST

CRITICISM ON LAFAYETTE'S STATUE

I had long admired intensely the statue of Gen. Lafayette in the southeast corner of Lafayette Square, but it was on a cold, blustery, snowy night in March that I first learned the full meaning of its magnificent symbolism.

It was about one-thirty in the morning when, with my coat collar turned up to protect myself from the icy wind, I hurriedly crossed the street and inadvertently stopped beneath the street lamp in front of Lafayette's memorial of stone and bronze in order to light a half-smoked cigarette that I had been on the point of discarding. So beautiful was the weirdness of the scene before me that involuntarily I stood rapt in awe until the match burned my fingers.

Within the spectral vistas of the park wan moonlight through hurrying clouds cast demoniacal shadows on the snow until each shrub and bench and fountain seemed to possess a life of its own and shuddered and leaped like gibberous ghosts in a bacchanal of despair.

The wind swept through skeleton trees with a ghoulsh shriek and sobbed around the pedestal of the great general. In triumphant yet sinister majesty, Lafayette stood with his left arm weighted with cloaks, reaching for the sword in the extended arm of the woman at his feet.

As a penitent at an altar, like a suppliant before a throne, she seemed to hold up to him the instrument of a torture she could never inflict.

Suddenly, as if spent with the passion of its mourning, the wind sank into silence and the cold hand of an icy fear laid itself across my heart. From the dead stillness turbulent horror sprang like a flame and the images of the statue became flesh and blood. I stood as if turned to stone until

the spell was broken by a cry of pain; whereupon I fled as if on wings of thought. The woman at the feet of Lafayette had wailed bitterly: "Take your sword and give me back my clothes."

G W U



"Pretty clothes here tonight."

"Yes; the closer the better."

G W U

When first I admired your limbs so shapely,
They were dressed in brown, quite sedately.
I sighed—and wondered—yet never
Did I believe that I would ever
Be here—dear old tree—
When you changed to green—Oh, gee!

GHOST



He—You kissed him. You did! Don't tell me you didn't!!

She—I didn't! He did!!

G W U

Upon a narrow sofa we sit—
Pretty Marjorlaine and I—
And fast I scatter, bit by bit,
Sweet nothings—cut and dry.
The “dear thing” prays for it
And so, by jing, I sigh and lie
As upon a sofa we sit—
Little Marjorlaine and I!

G W U

Her lips were so near that what else could I do?
I kissed them as most any person would do.
She murmured surprise but up-turned them again.
What would you have done if you had been me then?

G W U

Joe—Jack is off Winnie for life.
Jo—Why, that's strange. What's the matter?
Joe—She pasted his picture on her leg and now she says he's stuck on her.

G W U

Jane—Did Jack send you any flowers for the prom?
Janet—No. He said he didn't want anything to come between us that night.—Panther.

“SAY IT WITH FLOWERS”

But What Kind

GHOST submits the following code:

Lilies of the Valley—I am lying low.

Roses—I want a date tonight.

Chrysanthemums—I want a date for the Thanksgiving Day game.

Dutchmen's Breeches—O you tomboy.

Lilies—You are a dead one.

Carnations—Leave another quart of milk in the morning.

Daisies—I won't tell.

Violets—Let's go!

Elephant Ears—O you flapper.

Pansies—You know what I think.

Poppies—Hold everything.

Dandelions—Ain't I the little devil, though?

Gardenias—Meet me in the garden.

Crocusses—Spring has come.

Sweet Peas—What time is it?

Orchids—I am a millionaire.

Jonquils—I am going to New York.

Gold Medal—Eventually, why not now?

Wild Flowers—When will you be at home?

Arbutus—Uhuh.

Hyacinths—I am all right.

G W U



Dumb—I once knew a lady that had triplets and three months later had twins.

Dummer—Aw, 'gwan.

Dumb—Yes; one of the triplets died.

GHOST

Agreed

"Rastus, is my bath warm?"

"Yes, suh; the wahmest Ah was ever in."—Lampoon.

G W U

She—Mary's new car certainly has pretty lines, hasn't it?

He (absent-mindedly)—Yes; it is well proportioned.

G W U

"Does Bill go out to smoke between acts?"

"No; he comes in to watch the play between drinks."—Virginia Reel.

G W U



"What are you going to wear tomorrow?"

"Oh, nothing much."

G W U

Jim—What do you think of this condensed milk slogan: "From contented cows"?

James—Sounds like bull to me.—Panther.

G W U

One—What are you going to run, the mile or the two mile?

Two—I dunno; I can tell you better at the end of the mile.



Jane—I have heard that before one can register at this hotel he must be introduced.

Jack—Yes; and before two can register they must have a suitcase.

G W U

Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's father's cow."—Punch Bowl.

G W U

She—What sort of an animal is a wall flower?

He—A little-necked clam.—Purple Cow.

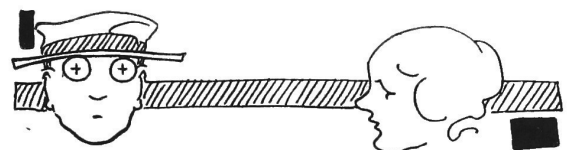
G W U

"If you went to a railroad station and bought a ticket to go somewhere, what would it cost you?"

"What?"

"That's right!"

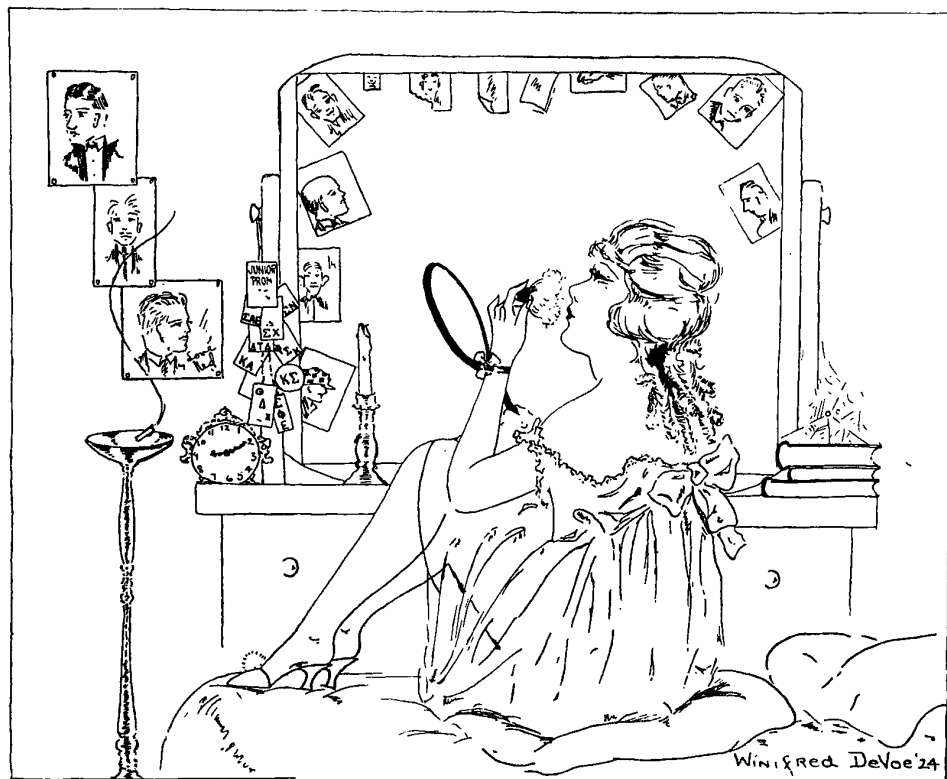
G W U



"If you met me drunk would you recognize me?"

"Yes; much easier than if you were sober."

GHOST



"SETTING UP"

—Judge.

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Jem—How's that?

Jim—Too close.—Punch Bowl.

G W U

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He—Don't you want any kisses?

She—Certainly not!

He—Then you might give some to me.—Punch Bowl.

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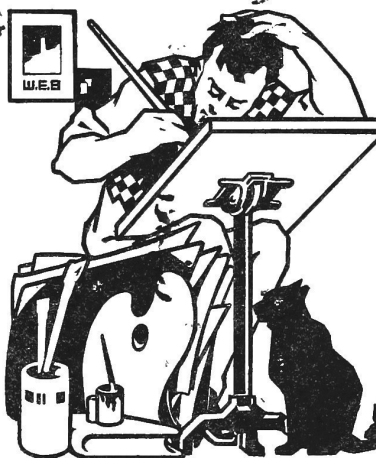
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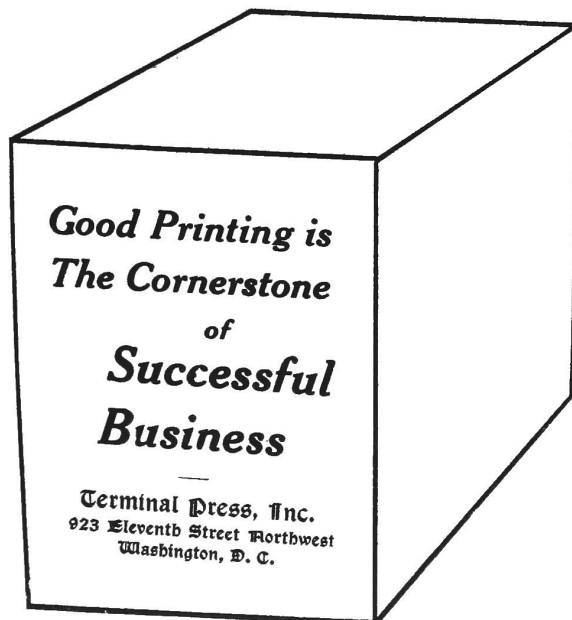
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It May Be True

The less one knows, the better one loves.—
Punch Bowl.

G W U

Daughter—Mommer, I'm going to be a model.
Mommer—What for?
Daughter—For Art's sake, mommer.
Mommer—Who's Art?—Record.

G W U

"What's the usual length of a soul kiss?"
"That all depends on who it is."

Phone Franklin 2495

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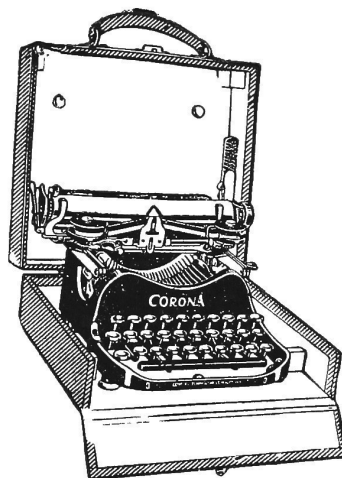
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